Hatstall

by curley (lykxxn)

Summary

A clever mind, I see. Crafty and witty? A strong ambition, too. Where to put you?

Notes

I apologise in advance for how pathetically short this is.

Eleven-year-old George Milton shifted nervously on the stool as the Sorting Hat was placed on his head.

Ah! George jumped slightly at the voice. A clever mind, I see. You're certainly intelligent. A strong contender for Ravenclaw.

Ah, what's this I see? Crafty and witty? A strong ambition, too. You could be in Slytherin, you know.

"I don't know," thought George worriedly.

Greatness comes to those in Slytherin. You are certainly great. And you're manipulative, too. You know you are. You use it to your advantage, as most Slytherins do. You would do great in that house.

But, of course, your intelligence stands out above the rest. You are a very clever boy, George. You should pride yourself upon it.

"I ain't smart," thought George. "I'm just a kid."
Hmm, really? You think so?

Intelligence, but a thirst to prove yourself. A strong ambition and manipulative traits.

Where do I put you?

George's hands were sweating. How long had he been sat under the hat?

Oh, I know! Better be —

"Slytherin!"

George was shaking a little when he pulled the hat from his head and went to join the Slytherin table. There was a chorus of "well done, mate"s from his new housemates and a sixth year clapped him enthusiastically on the back.

Something in the back of his mind settled and calmed. This is it, he thought confidently. This is who you are.

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